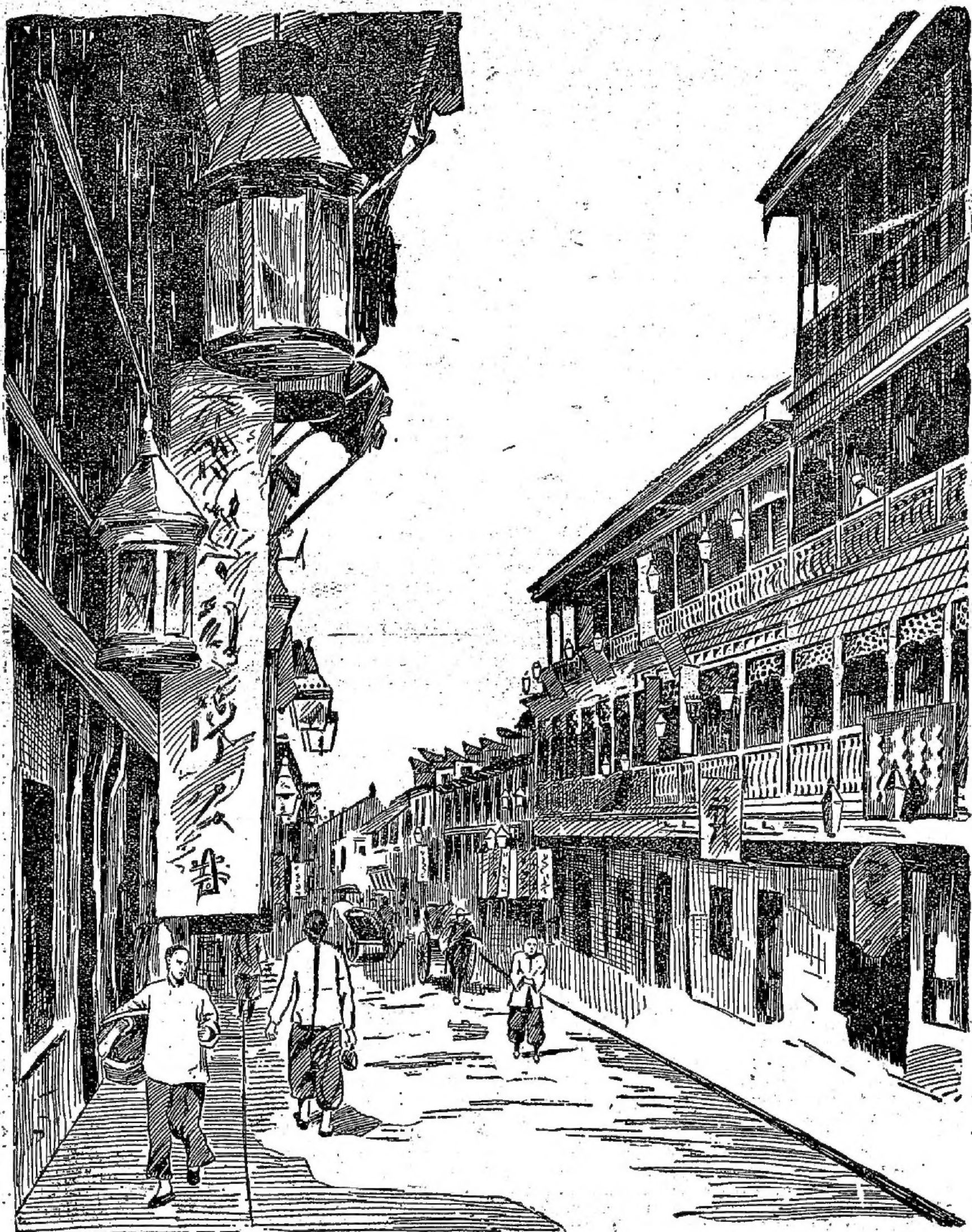


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MAIN CHINESE STREET, SHANGHAI.

The City 'Above the Sea.'

(By Archdeacon Moule, in 'Church Missionary Gleaner.')

Shanghai—'above the sea,' or 'the highest sea'—'approaching the sea,' as Williams renders the words—is probably the most important port of the Far East; and the most

important centre in all China for internal and external trade.

Over a large proportion of the vast area of Central China, and far off to the confines of Tibet, Shanghai is the distributor and receiver of the flow and ebb of commerce; and she is linked by numerous lines of ocean-going steamers with the great outside

world, east and west. Smaller steamers connect her with the trade of over 1,200 miles of coast; and she is in communication with all great centres of the world's life and trade by telegraph lines.

Shanghai is 'above the sea,' forty miles from the real waters of the China Sea; but seated over the sea in a sense, being only

ten miles distant from the wide mouth of the great Yang-tse, the 'child of the ocean,' as it pours down seawards after its journey of 3,600 miles. Woosung, now connected with Shanghai by a railway, lies at the confluence of the Whangpoo river, on which Shanghai stands; with the Yang-tse, and its great forts command the entrance to the gigantic river. Between Woosung and Shanghai there is a serious obstacle to free navigation, from the existence of an extensive bar, called sometimes the 'heaven-sent barrier' and sometimes regarded as 'Shanghai's trouble,' by those respectively who dislike or wish to foster free access. Possibly commercial Shanghai may migrate some day to Woosung, and thus avoid the bar. But that migration is not yet.

We are concerned to-day with the great city and settlement of Shanghai, containing between them probably from 400,000 to 500,000 souls. The city is shut in by its ancient walls as of old, a piece of 'old China.' The settlement with its numerous foreign houses, with wide and well-laid roads, with electric light, and telephone wires in all directions, with its excellent supply of water from works under foreign management, with its cloth and paper factories, and its crowds of carriages, and numerous bicycles, and with its long rows of ocean-going and river steamers, is a piece of new China, or rather of China in combination with the great West.

Would that we could speak only of the effects of this contact on material improvement in locomotion, in illumination, in architecture, and of its vivifying influence on commercial enterprise, and the development of trade and improvement in useful arts, and the increase of true scientific enlightenment. But Shanghai, like so many great centres of human concourse, is a stronghold of moral evil and of audacious sin. And as Shanghai is looked upon by many as a piece of Europe, transplanted here, shall we not pray that they may see no more un-Christian Christians, but that in all who bear the Christian name, the 'beauty of holiness,' the gladness and the nobility of a pure Christian life may be manifested?

In such a place, with such varied features, how can the testimony and work of the Christian missionary be introduced or receive attention? Amidst bustle and worldly gaiety, and the preoccupation of business, and the struggle for wealth or for daily sustenance, and with the 'palace' occupied by worldly thoughts and the 'death in life' of sin—are there any who have time or desire to listen to the spiritual? Divine message which we bring to them?

It will be found that both in the old city and in the settlement there is an undercurrent of serious thought. People will come into our chapels and preaching-rooms, and sit by the hour with deep attention, without any attraction except the Word of God read and preached by earnest, prayerful speakers. Sometimes they will wait at the doors till the evening preaching begins, and are unwilling to leave when it is time to close, longing to hear more, and coming again. Sometimes a tune played on the harmonium, or a picture explained, or a lantern view, may lead many to listen; but oftentimes through the power of the Holy Spirit, it is the deep desire to know something of the 'life of the world to come,' and the way thither which draws them.

I remember a young man who attended one of our chapels, night after night, occupying the same seat, growing in interest and earnestness. He became a diligent and true inquirer. He was carried away by

choleera, before his baptism, but he died, we believe, in simple faith in the Lord, and was, we trust, truly taught and changed by the Holy Spirit.

Then both in the city and in some parts of the settlement access and a friendly welcome can be obtained for house-to-house Christian visitors, ladies accompanied by Chinese biblewomen doing very much in this way.

Numerous schools are opened by the different Missions, both for boys and girls, and are well attended, and Divine saving truth finds its way thus into many heathen homes. It is well to remember what a power we have in China for blessing, in God's hands, through the retentive memories of the Chinese boys and girls. Girls under twelve years of age in our boarding schools have learned all four Gospels by heart, retaining the whole with wonderful accuracy for repetition, and with intelligent apprehension of the meaning through God's grace; and boys commit much more to memory.

The disadvantage in Shanghai arising from the floating character of part of the population (numbers of people from other provinces visiting the place in connection with the shipping and boat traffic, perhaps for a short time and then leaving again) may be with God's blessing an advantage in this busy place as a centre of evangelization, because messages of salvation which they have heard, and portions of the bible or Christian tracts which they have obtained, may be scattered thus in places not yet visited by missionaries.

Street-preaching used to be carried on by some of the missionaries. It is difficult now from the crowded state of the streets, and the necessity for careful police regulation, but chapel-preaching is carried on daily; and in the Mission hospitals both for men and women, of which there are four or five in Shanghai, daily loving instruction is given to crowds of patients from the city and from far-off country districts. Special work is carried on also amongst the blind, who are numerous in Shanghai, and from whom some of the earliest Christian converts of our Mission, and of the American Episcopal Mission, were gathered.

There is a great desire in Shanghai and in many parts of China now to learn English and Western knowledge and science, and Christian influence is brought to bear on pupils coming for this object alone, but not unwilling to hear about what they think to be a Western creed, and which some of them have already learnt to be Divine—shall we not pray that all may learn it to be from heaven, for the world?

Let us pray very specially and in glad believing expectation for our dear brethren and sisters of our own and of other Missions in great and needy Shanghai, that they may be upheld and strengthened by the Lord, with the joy, and light, and peace of his life and holy presence in them through the gracious power and indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and that the Chinese converts may be established, strengthened, and settled in their most holy faith, and that the Word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified in the lives of his servants, and by the conversion of those wandering from God.

At this season of the year there is apt to be an absence of teachers from their classes. This is always injurious to the classes. If teachers find it necessary to be absent, they should provide substitutes. There is often too little sense of responsibility in this matter.

Not Forgotten.

HOW THE SOLDIER'S WIFE WAS TAUGHT A LESSON OF FAITH.

The day was bright, and the village street was full of people, but Mary Pratt felt that she was in the midst of an awful cold and solitude. Her husband had gone with his regiment to South Africa. All the other men had been heard from since the battle of Ladysmith, but no word had come from Tom.

She shut the baby up safely in the room, and ran to the post office. Many of the women had letters, but the old post-master shook his head when Mrs. Pratt's white face appeared at the square opening.

'To-morrow, perhaps, Mary,' he said, in a gentle voice.

But she saw the men glance significantly at each other, and they made way respectfully for her to pass, as they would have done for a mourner.

As she hurried down the street her soul cried out fiercely.

God had not listened to her prayers! He was deaf, cruel—that merciless Something up there in heaven, dealing out misery and death. She was to go tottering alone through the world, carrying her child, without Tom.

Presently she heard little Jack's voice talking inside. He spoke fast and loud, as if he was frightened, but tried to laugh, and when she opened the door he ran to her with a shout of joy.

'Jack was afraid, mother!' he cried. 'Me thought you was gone. Me thought you forgot Jack.'

She took him up, holding him to her breast, although her heart beneath beat full of its savage pain and fear.

'You thought mother had forgotten you! Foolish baby!'

Then Jack saw his new clothes. 'Mother made my coat,' he said. 'Mother loves Jack. Mother cooked my supper in that little dish. Mother won't forget me. She loves Jack.' He crept closer to her, while she rocked him to sleep and laid him in his crib.

A great thought came to her as she heard the child's talk. Had not he cared for her? She looked out at the setting sun, the peaceful valley, the pretty creeper at the window. 'He made them for me,' she thought. 'He gave me my home. He gave me Jack. He is good. He is my Father. He won't forget me—or Tom. He is taking care of Tom for me—somewhere.'

When she laid the boy in his crib she knelt beside it, and a great quiet came into her face. 'Take care of Tom, dear Lord!' she cried, 'wherever he may be—wherever—'

There was a hasty knock at the door. The minister stood on the step. 'It is a telegram, Mary,' he said. 'I brought it, so that there might be no delay.'

She read: 'Thomas Pratt just landed from transport. Wounded, but out of danger. Will be at home to-morrow.'—'Sunday Companion.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN DEUTERONOMY.

April 29, Sun.—The Lord thy God hath been with thee.

April 30, Mon.—There was not one city too strong for us.

May 1, Tues.—The Lord your God, he shall fight for you.

May 2, Wed.—Keep thy soul diligently.

May 3, Thurs.—Lest thou forget.

May 4, Fri.—Take ye therefore good heed unto yourselves.

May 5, Sat.—The Lord thy God is a consuming fire.

Black Rock.

(A tale of the Selkirks, by Ralph Connor.)

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

I would not have missed his meeting with Craig. Nelson was busy with tea. Craig was writing near the window. He looked up as Graeme came in, and nodded an easy good-evening; but Graeme strode to him, and, putting one hand on his shoulder, held out his other for Craig to take.

After a moment's surprise, Craig rose to his feet, and facing him squarely, took the offered hand in both of his and held it fast without a word. Graeme was the first to speak, and his voice was deep with emotion—

'You are a great man, a good man. I'd give something to have your grit.'

Poor Craig stood looking at him, not daring to speak for some moments, then he said quietly—

'Not good nor great, but, thank God, not quite a traitor.'

'Good man!' went on Graeme, patting him on the shoulder. 'Good man! but it's tough.'

Craig sat down quickly, saying, 'Don't do that, old chap!'

I went up with Craig to Mrs. Mavor's door. She did not hear us coming, but stood near the window gazing up at the mountains. She was dressed in some rich soft stuff, and wore at her breast a bunch of wild-flowers. I had never seen her so beautiful. I did not wonder that Craig paused with his foot upon the threshold to look at her. She turned and saw us. With a glad cry, 'Oh! my darling; you have come to me,' she came with outstretched arms. I turned and fled, but the cry and the vision were long with me.

It was decided that night that Mrs. Mavor should go the next week. A miner and his wife were going east, and I too would join the party.

The camp went into mourning at the news; but it was understood that any display of grief before Mrs. Mavor was bad form. She was not to be annoyed.

But when I suggested that she should leave quietly, and avoid the pain of saying good-bye, she flatly refused—

'I must say good-bye to every man. They love me and I love them.'

It was decided, too, at first, that there should be nothing in the way of a testimonial, but when Craig found out that the men were coming to her with all sorts of extraordinary gifts, he agreed that it would be better that they should unite in one gift. So it was agreed that I should buy a ring for her. And were it not that the contributions were strictly limited to one dollar, the purse that Slavin handed her when Shaw read the address at the farewell supper would have been many times filled with the gold that was pressed upon the committee. There were no speeches at the supper, except one by myself in reply on Mrs. Mavor's behalf. She had given me the words to say, and I was thoroughly prepared, else I should not have got through. I began in the usual way: 'Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, Mrs. Mavor is—' but I got no further, for at the mention of her name the men stood on the chairs and yelled until they could yell no more. There were over two hundred and fifty of them, and the effect was overpowering. But I got through my speech. I remember it well. It began—

'Mrs. Mavor is greatly touched by this mark of your love, and she will wear your

ring always with pride.' And it ended with—

'She has one request to make, that you will be true to the League, and that you stand close about the man who did most to make it. She wishes me to say that however far away she may have to go, she is leaving her heart in Black Rock, and she can think of no greater joy than to come back to you, again.'

Then they had 'The Sweet By and By,' but the men would not join in the refrain, unwilling to lose a note of the glorious voice they loved to hear. Before the last verse she beckoned to me. I went to her standing by Craig's side as he played for her. 'Ask them to sing, she entreated; 'I cannot bear it.'

'Mrs. Mavor wishes you to sing in the refrain,' I said, and at once the men sat up and cleared their throats. The singing was not good, but at the first sound of the hoarse notes of the men Craig's head went down over the organ, for he was thinking I suppose of the days before them when they would long in vain for that thrilling voice that soared high over their own hoarse tones. And after the voices died away he kept on playing till, half turning toward him, she sang alone once more the refrain in a voice low and sweet and tender, as if for him alone. And so he took it, for he smiled up at her his old smile full of courage and full of love.

Then for one whole hour she stood saying good-bye to those rough, gentle-hearted men whose inspiration to goodness she had been for five years. It was very wonderful and very quiet. It was understood that there was to be no nonsense, and Abe had been heard to declare that he would 'throw out any cotton-backed fool who couldn't hold himself down,' and further, he had enjoined them to remember that 'her arm wasn't a pump handle.'

At last they were all gone, all but her guard of honour—Shaw, Vernon Winton, Geordie, Nixon, Abe, Nelson, Craig, and myself.

This was the real farewell; for though in the early light of the next morning two hundred men stood silent about the stage, and then as it moved out waved their hats and yelled madly, this was the last touch they had of her hand. Her place was up on the driver's seat between Abe and Mr. Craig, who held little Marjorie on his knee. The rest of the guard of honor were to follow with Graeme's team. It was Winton's fine sense that kept Graeme from following them close. 'Let her go out alone,' and so we held back and watched her go.

She stood with her back towards Abe's plunging four-horse team, and steadying herself with one hand on Abe's shoulder, gazed down upon us. Her head was bare, her lips parted in a smile, her eyes glowing with their own deep light; and so, facing us, erect and smiling, she drove away, waving us farewell till Abe swung his team into the canyon road and we saw her no more. A sigh shuddered through the crowd, and with a sob in his voice, Winton said: 'God help us all.'

I close my eyes and see it all again. The waving crowd of dark-faced men, the plunging horses, and, high up beside the driver, the swaying, smiling, waving figure, and about all the mountains, framing the picture with their dark sides and white peaks tipped with the gold of the rising sun. It is a picture I love to look upon, albeit it calls up another that I can never see but through tears.

I look across a strip of ever-widening water, at a group of men upon the wharf, standing with heads uncovered, every man a hero, though not a man of them suspects it, least of all the man who stands in front, strong, resolute, self-conquered. And gazing long, I think I see him turn again to his place among the men of the mountains, not forgetting, but every day remembering the great love that came to him, and remembering, too, that love is not all. It is then the tears come.

But for that picture two of us at least are better men to-day.

(To be Continued.)

An Incident of the American War.

The following story is told by an eyewitness. It illustrates the heroism and the nobility of the American soldiers, on both sides, in that great struggle.

'Shortly after the battle of Richmond (Ky.) in 1862, it was my duty to visit the battlefield, to identify, if possible, the body of one of my friends, and remove it to his parents' home,' says the narrator. 'While riding slowly over the scene of the battle, I heard groans, which I was sure came from a cornfield near at hand. Looking down the corn rows I soon discovered two wounded soldiers, lying about forty yards apart. One was a Federal and the other was a Confederate. A cannon ball had broken and terribly mangled both of the Confederate's legs, while the Federal was shot through the body and thigh.'

"I am dying for water," I heard the Federal say, just as I discovered them. His words sounded as if they came from a parched mouth.

"I have some water in my canteen. You are welcome to a drink if you'll come here," said the Confederate, who had feebly raised his head from the ground to look at his late enemy when he heard his pitiful cry for water.

"I couldn't move to save my life," groaned the Federal, as he dropped his head to the ground, while his whole body quivered with agony.

'Then I beheld an act of heroism which held me spellbound until it was too late for me to give the assistance I should have rendered. The Confederate lifted his head again and took another look at his wounded foe, and I saw an expression of tender pity come over his pain-distorted face as he said:

"Hold out a little longer, Yank, and I'll try to come to you." Then the brave fellow by digging his fingers in the ground and catching hold of the cornstalks, painfully dragged himself to the Federal's side, the blood from his mangled legs making a red trail the entire distance. The tears ran down my cheeks like rain, and, out of sympathy for him, I groaned every time he moved, but I was so lost to everything except the fellow's heroism that I did not once think of helping him.

'When the painful journey was finished he offered his canteen to the Federal, who took it and drank eagerly, the water seeming to sizzle as it passed down his parched throat. Then, with a deep sigh of relief, he reached out to the Confederate, and it was plain to see, as they clasped hands and looked into each other's eyes, that whatever of hate may have rankled once in the hearts of these men, had now given place to mutual sympathy and love. Even while I watched them I saw the Confederate's body quiver as if in a spasm of pain, and when his head dropped to the ground I knew that a hero had crossed the dark river. The Federal kissed the dead hero's hand repeatedly, and cried like a child, until I had him removed to the hospital, where he, too, died the next day.'—Forward.

Everyday Religion in China.

('Church Missionary Gleaner.')

Few things are more confusing to the Western mind than to find the Chinaman dabbling in two or three kinds of religion indifferently. It is as if some Englishman were by turns a Churchman, Unitarian, Baptist, Mormon, and Roman Catholic, or indeed, cultivated two or three of these de-

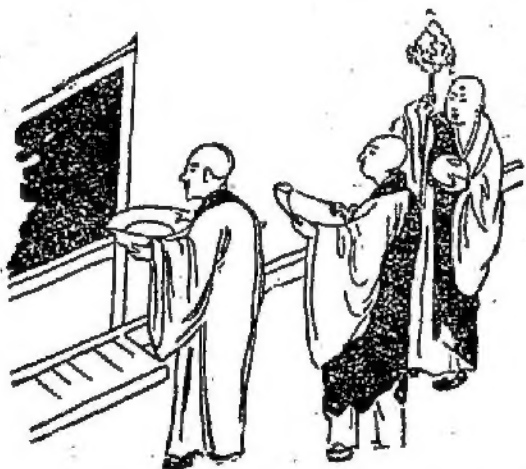


SACRIFICING TO HEAVEN AND EARTH.

nominations simultaneously. For a Chinaman may worship Heaven and Earth, call in the aid of Buddhist priests, profess an adhesion to Confucianist principles, attend the local Taoist idol festivals, worship his ancestors, and propitiate evil spirits, without troubling himself about inconsistency.

Our pictures, which are from drawings by a Chinese artist, enable us to touch upon the surface of some everyday aspects of these co-existing, though hardly rival, religions.

The worship of Heaven and Earth is the most ancient form of worship in China, and in combination with ancestor worship is the nearest approach to a state religion. In certain public places, such as the Blackstone Hill, Fuh-chow, South China, the chief mandarins offer up public sacrifices. As the top-stone of this system, the emperor himself solemnly sacrifices to heaven



BUDDHIST PRIESTS ASKING ALMS.

and earth twice a year, in the spring and autumn.

In our first picture a well-to-do family is offering the sacrifice of which we have just spoken. The bodies of a pig and a sheep or goat lie on the side tables. A little boy is engaged in the congenial employment of letting off crackers, stuffing his fingers into one ear to deaden the noise. Before the father are three symbolic cups of tea or wine, and two burning candles, while he repeats the appointed formula.

Buddhism is unequally distributed over the empire. In the Ku-cheng district of Fuh-Kien, for instance, few Buddhist priests are to be met with, while there is a large monastery at Hinghwa, and Buddhist vegetarians abound. Vegetarianism is a popular form of Buddhism, but should not be confounded with the political secret societies popularly known as Vegetarian, with which they have nothing in common except the name.

The Buddhist priest's ordination includes one very painful rite. Three wafers are fixed upon his shaven crown, and set fire to. Though the pain is excruciating, he has to let them burn until they have been consumed, leaving a deep hole in the scalp. Three times this process is gone through, until nine deep scars are left upon the skull. Nearly all the priests in our second and third pictures are represented as bearing these marks, especially the middle one of the three in the third picture.

These priests take a vow of poverty, and therefore their clothes are often covered with imitation patches in order to keep up the fiction. Like begging friars, they go out in procession begging for alms. Clothed in their robes, which, though usually yellow, have an odd likeness to surplices and hoods, they go from door to door. One carries a large bowl for gifts, another carries a small hand-gong, which he beats with a stick. In our second picture a procession of three have penetrated into the courtyard of a house, and are standing before the



BUDDHIST PRIESTS ATONING FOR SOME ONE'S SIN.

raised screen which is erected outside the inner door of the house.

In our third picture a couple of Buddhist priests with a young assistant have been called in to offer a sacrifice or perform their liturgy, probably on behalf of some sick person. The senior priest beats a brass hand-gong, while the boy performs upon a drum with one hand and a bell with the other. In front of the senior priest are the candle, the three cups, and other sacred vessels.

Our fourth picture takes us to yet another religion. Here the father of a family is offering sacrifices to propitiate a demon. Again we have the lighted candle and the three cups of wine, but in front of them are placed as offerings a duck, some ribs of pork, a fish, and three piles of white cakes, each with a spot of red on it. The worshipper waves three incense sticks in his hands. His wife—a beauty, in Chinese eyes



WORSHIPPING A DEMON.

—and his little boy look on. The scene is an illustration of Taoism.

The heathen temples in China belong to each ward or parish as a whole, and a kind of church rate for their maintenance is

levied on all the inhabitants. When converts refuse to pay their share they naturally bring on themselves the anger of all the others. It is in these temples that theatrical displays are most commonly given.

No picture here represents the worship of ancestors or of the universal kitchen-god, but no sketch of Chinese religions, however superficial, could omit a reference to them. The Confucianist philosophy, properly so-called, is not a religion, but a system of ethics.

The general impression left upon the mind by our pictures is that of the empty, unsatisfying nature of these forms of worship. The feeling is intensified when we remember that only real conviction about the supernatural in the ordinary Chinese mind is the dread of ever-present evil spirits, who must be either cheated or pacified with gifts. Truly the light that is in them is darkness.

Mother's Chance.

(By Sydney Dayre, in 'The Standard.')

'Yes, our class has decided to give the graduating class a fine send-off this year.'

Emily glanced a little questioningly at her mother, who waited to hear more.

'It is going to be rather expensive—the Junior class being smaller than usual this year,' added Emily.

'I don't hold with the principle of girls and boys in school giving very expensive entertainments.'

'But what are you going to do, mother?' Emily spoke a little impatiently. 'It's the thing nowadays for Juniors to give a party to the graduates. If I had my own say-so in the matter of course I wouldn't have it so. But I'm only one among many, and all the others are agreed on it. We have to rent a hall and hire a band and other things. Then there will be my dress—now, mother, don't look so doleful.'

'I am wondering where the money is to come from for your share of all this,' said mother, gently.

'Dear me—I'm tired always hearing about that. Whatever I want to do it's money—money.' Emily spoke with the fretfulness belonging to the underlying feeling that her mother was right and she wrong.

'I find too much reason for rejoicing in the abundant opportunities placed before young people in these days for obtaining a good education to leave room for complaint about money pressure,' said mother. 'There is plenty for all reasonable things.'

'I knew you'd look at it that way.'

'And, there not being enough to cover things which come under the other head, there is nothing for it but to decide on what among the things must be cut off. It must make a change in our summer plans.'

Emily left the room with an uneasy feeling as to what that change must be. Mother had been looking ill of late, care-worn and run down, as even her young daughters could easily see. There had been a plan forming for her to take an outing this summer, to consist of a long visit to a sister who lived in a distant state. Mother had protested against the expense, but Emily and Janet had quietly borne it in mind. Now this new prospect of expense had arisen.

'But we'll manage it somehow,' said Emily to herself, resolutely putting aside the unwelcome thought of their plans for mother being changed.

Hall, lighting, band, floral decorations—and the refreshments must be in keeping with such grandeur. It had not yet been ascertained exactly what the expense would

be, but very well Emily could guess that the quota to each one of the Junior class would be large. Up to this time mother had made her dresses, and so accustomed had the girls come to the sight of her patient face bending over the sewing machine as to think little of the burden it must be to her. Now Emily had made up her mind that her dress must be made by a regular dress-maker.

'I'm getting too old for home-made doings. And for such a grand affair as that is going to be.'

A day or two later she was called on by a friend.

'I came to ask if you and your mother would go with me to the funeral of Mrs. Mayne,' she said.

'We didn't know her at all,' said Emily.

'Nor I,' said her friend, 'but my mother did. She's the mother of those Mayne boys, one in the graduating class and the other in ours. They haven't been here very long, and mother thinks there may not be many at the funeral.'

Emily, with her mother assented, and soon found themselves entering the house of mourning. In the darkened room in which lay the mother of the household were three boys whose hearts seemed breaking as they bent over the coffin for the long, sad farewell. Emily stood near an open window and in a pause in the services could hear low-voiced words of some who were talking on the porch outside.

'No, they'll never know it, those boys, and of course it's better they shouldn't, now.'

'But you can't expect much in the way of thoughtfulness of boys.'

'Well, I don't know. Seems to me even boys ought to have a little consideration for their mother. It's more than I can account for, that they should have seen their mother slaving for them day in and day out. She was ambitious for them, and would have worked her very heart out, rather than that they should ever go without anything that other boys had.'

'That's about what she's done—'

'Yes. They've never noticed how she's grown thinner and paler. If there had been anybody to have picked her up and seen to it that she stopped working her life away she might have stayed with them for years yet—just in the time of their lives when they need a mother most.'

'If it had been girls 'twould have been different—'

The talk came to an end as the coffin was borne from the room. As three boys from whose home the light and comfort had gone out slowly followed it, Emily glanced at her mother who had been given a seat in another part of the room.

It might have been the sad influences of the occasion which had given an added seriousness to her face, but what she saw there fixed Emily's gaze. As her mother leaned back in the large chair there was a look of weariness on the patient face and in the folded hands which her daughter had never before noticed. With eyes sharpened by suggestions contained in what she had just heard she keenly scanned her mother's face. Surely she was looking feebler—older. Wrinkles were deepening and gray hairs multiplying on the temples.

'If it had been girls.' A hot wave arose to Emily's face as she recalled the words. Were girls really more considerate of their mothers than boys?

In the few hours following the young girl did more thinking than ever before in her life.

'There's a meeting of the committee after

study hours. We have to decide on everything, and appoint committees to order things.'

So Emily was told one day soon after the funeral. Her heart sank as she heard the words.

'Now—I must do it. But, how can I? It will be the hardest thing I ever did in my life.'

And, seated in one of the smaller class rooms with the other members of the committee of arrangements for the party to be given to the graduating class, she more and more keenly felt the hardness of what she had set herself to do. During a good deal of preliminary talk she was silent. Plans were discussed, and with the discussion the impetus towards extravagant outlay seemed to increase.

'O dear!' Emily communed with her perturbed self. 'What can I do against all the others? I might just as well let matters take their course—'

But mother's face arose before her and she braced herself to her resolution.

'I can put it that things have arisen to stand in the way of my taking part in their undertaking. Or—that—other things which I wish to do forbid my spending the money. But—nonsense. Haven't I enough resolution to speak right out the straight, honest truth, and no beating around it?'

There was a little choking in her throat as, appealed to for her opinion on some important point, she felt that her time had come.

'I ought to tell you,' she began, 'that I—do not see my way clear to join with you in all this. I think it all delightful, and I should enjoy it more than I can tell. I don't want you to think I mean any criticism, but—of course it's all right for the rest of you, but it wouldn't be right for me, because I cannot afford to spend so much money.'

Her voice had begun with a falter, but grew firm as she closed. There was a little hush, during which Emily was divided between relief in having said what it was so hard to say and speculation as to how her friends might take it.

'I feel exactly as you do about it, Emily,' at length one of her friends said, winning a glance of gratitude from Emily.

'Well, I'm willing to say I do too,' said another. 'I've felt it all along, but I hadn't the bravery to say so.'

'My father says,' began another, 'that it is all wrong for the pupils of a school to get up things that may be burdensome to some of their number. He says that while some can do it as well as not, there must always be those to whom it comes hard. He says it's out of all character with the free institutions of our country to—well, I can't say it as he did, but you know what I mean.'

'I'm ready to say,' spoke up one with energy, 'that plenty of the class will be glad and thankful to give it up. They've felt just that way about it, only no one has had the courage to say it before.'

'But must it all be given up? Can't we have something on a more moderate scale?'

'I move that we invite the graduating class to meet with us in the school assembly hall. We to furnish the music ourselves. To have good but modest refreshments.'

The proposition was discussed and finally enthusiastically adopted. There were a few discontented murmurs, but it was easy to see that a load had been lifted from the majority.

'Now, Nett,' Emily carried the news to her sister, 'you're not to say one word to a single soul in the house about this.'

'Not to mother?'

'Not to mother. I am going to give her to understand that our plans have been changed, that we are going to take things more moderately than was at first thought of—just to ease her dear heart of most of the burden; but oh, Nett, Nett, I have such a wonderful scheme in my head, it's not to be whispered into the ears of silence—only to father and Aunt Margaret and any one we have to let in to help along. Now, remember—whenever mother offers me any money to pay those school entertainment bills I take it without a word.'

'But I thought—' began Janet.

'Never mind what you thought. Just listen and keep mum.'

So Emily told her plan and from that time the two carried on a gentle conspiracy against mother. When she incidentally spoke of herself needing nothing in the way of new clothing that summer, she having decided that it was best to defer her journey, it was quietly acquiesced in and made a reason for putting her present wardrobe in the best possible order, and to this the girls settled with energy as soon as the school year came to a close. And as the hot days wore on there came a time when a trunk was brought from the attic down to mother's room. As Emily bent over it, giving orders to Janet, who was opening and shutting mother's drawers and closet, mother put her hand on her shoulders and gave her a little shake.

'Sit down,' she said, half laughing, half soberly, 'sit down, Janet, and explain to me, both of you, all that has been going on just a little beyond my knowledge. I haven't seen very much, but something has been in the air.' The girls exchanged glances.

'Mother dear, what do you mean? What has been in the air?'

'Things which have puzzled me. You are keeping something from me, dears. I have quite understood, and it has hurt me. Just a little, I must confess. Emily is all eagerness about getting money, for bills she says, but I have always before known what bills. You have had mail matter of which I knew nothing. You spend hours and hours in your rooms doing things I don't know of.'

'O mother, mother—' Janet laughed, but the tears were in Emily's eyes. 'Nett, go and bring the lace ties and the ruffles and fixings that we have spent such hours and hours about. It is time, anyway, that they were going into the till of that trunk.'

Janet brought a pile of dainty dress accessories, made over with infinite painstaking from things belonging to the three.

'And you might as well bring that box that came this morning. That's another thing we've hidden from you, mother. And here are the letters—one or two from Aunt Margaret and several from others. One of them has your ticket, mother, for you are to begin your journey the day after tomorrow. No, you needn't protest. We have watched all the corners and we know there isn't a single thing for which you would wish any delay. We've got your black silk fixed with a new lilac front. You are to take my new skirt—handy that we are both of a size. Your new bonnet will come home to-night, and here is your suit—what a time I did have that day taking your measurement—you making such a fuss as drove me into all sorts of subterfuges to get out of telling you what I was about. Isn't it a beauty, mother dear, and just the color you like—that cool-looking dark gray.'

Mother sat down with a face so full of

amazement that Emily now cried in good earnest.

'O mother darling—it isn't a bit complimentary to us that you take it as such a wonder when we try to do things for you. It just shows what selfish, undutiful creatures we have been. You have always spent everything on us and done everything for us, and we have let you. But we are feeling a little differently of late, and have made up our minds that it is full time that mother should have a little chance.'

The Child's Blunder.

(By W. Dewitt Lukens, in 'The New Voice'.)

'O my child! My child! What shall I do? I am in such agony.' But the little girl did not seem to know of anything to do but to stand and cry. Then a thought came to her mind, 'Shall I go and tell them at the church?' Scarcely knowing what the child asked the mother replied: 'Yes, do anything.'

The woman had been an active Christian girl, always filling her church obligations, and the child's mind naturally turned in that direction when help was needed. Ignorant of the fact, she had married a man whose nerve cells were diseased with inherit alcoholism. Overwork in the endeavor to pay for their home had reduced his vitality. The effort to aid nature by the use of stimulants proved disastrous and he became a drunkard. He had returned to the house Sunday morning intoxicated and out of money. He took from the bureau a gold watch which his wife's father had given him and was leaving to trade it for drink. His wife protested and then endeavored to restrain him by taking hold of his arm. He struck her a heavy blow, and she fell upon the floor, he immediately leaving the house. In the excitement and suffering which followed, the above conversation took place between mother and child, which resulted in the latter running to tell the church. The mother did not realize where the child had gone.

The congregation were standing, singing the hymn before the sermon, when the child entered the building. The ushers had taken their seats, there seemed to be no one who was accessible and the child passed up the side aisle almost unnoticed. As she came to the front of the room the congregation had finished the hymn and were sitting down and the child finding herself in the aisle alone stepped into a front pew. The text of the sermon was, 'For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.' In the introduction the minister said: 'The onward march of Christianity is the miracle of the ages. Its achievements are world around. What has our blessed religion not done?'—'Please sir,' said a weak trembling voice, 'mama wants the saloon shut up.'

There was a movement in the congregation in their attempt to see where the voice came from and the preacher colored in face as he continued: 'There is no power that can successfully resist our holy profession. The gates of hell cannot prevail against it. Atheists, infidels, agnostics, all, like the one who has so recently passed away, die and are forgotten, but Christianity advances with steady step to greater victories.'—'Please, sir, papa is drinking at the saloon.'

At this second interruption the speaker paused and spoke to the child: 'My little one you must not speak out in church in that way. Neither is this a place to deal with personal matters. Now, sit still and listen.' Turning again to his sermon: 'I

will make my discourse this morning a series of questions and answers for the sake of emphasis. The first is, What has Christianity done for children? Jesus Christ has taken the children in his arms.'—'Please sir, I am afraid of papa when he is drunk.' Both preacher and congregation were very much embarrassed, some of the women were weeping.

'My second question is, What has Christianity done for women? It has lifted her from'—'Please sir, mama is a woman and she is hurt. Won't you close the saloon?'—'My child,' said the minister, 'we are sorry for you, but you must not disturb this Christian service. This is no place to speak of home conditions nor of the saloon. If you are not quiet you will spoil this entire service for us.' The minister finished this division of his sermon and proceeded to the next. 'My third question is, What has Christianity done for men? Notice the value placed upon human life—the life of the individual, however poor or obscure in this advanced and enlightened age. And mark closely'—'Please sir, papa is a man and mamma sent me to tell you he is in the saloon drinking.'

'And mark closely that this age is a direct and indirect product of Christianity.' The third point was finished in evident agitation. The next was entered upon, 'What has Christianity done for the home? Home is a Christian word. There were no homes before Christ. Home in its blessed relationship illustrates the Kingdom of God'—'Please, sir, mama is sick at our home. Won't you close the saloon.'

'My child,' said the minister, 'I cannot endure these interruptions any longer. Unless you keep quiet I will have to ask you to go out of the church.'

'My fifth question is, What has Christianity done for world at large? Any true history since Christ will answer that question. This enlightened age is a product of the teaching of Christ. A result of Christ in his world.'—'Please, sir, can't Christ close the saloon?'

Blushing, weeping, agitation, anger, prevailed over the entire audience. But none seemed to have the power to act further.

'My next question would be, if I am permitted to treat it without interruption. What has Christianity done for the church? You may say that the question is not relevant as Christianity and the church are one. It has made the modern church, and been its foundation and power since Pentecost. There would be no church but for the divine power of God in Christianity.'—'Please, sir, if God is in the church why don't it close the saloon for papa and mama?'

Upon this an official came and taking the child by the hand led her out of the building. She went down the steps with this injunction following her: 'Never come here again and disturb the service. You must not come and tell your home matters before everybody. Don't you know that the saloon is in politics and not a matter for us to have anything to do with? You must not do so again.'

'Mama is a member of this church and papa is drinking so that he is killing her and she wants the church to help her,' answered the child.

The minister within explained: 'None of you can be more regretful than myself for these interruptions this morning. Evidently some one who is riding a hobby has put the innocent child up to this. It was a strange and unfortunate co-incident that I should have taken a subject and so divided it as to present it in form of questions making it easy for the child to interrupt me.'

The child ran home, crying, as she had come, and finding her mother upon the bed, said: 'They would not listen to me but said I disturbed them and they sent me home.'

'Where have you been?' asked the mother. Then she also discovered the great blunder that had been made.

'Go next door and call a neighbor,' said the mother. 'No, wait, get me that ointment from the first shelf of the closet.'

The mother thought that her child could easily reach the bottle; but it was upon a higher shelf than she supposed. The chair upon which the little one climbed slipped and fell striking her head against the table, causing unconsciousness. While both lay helpless, the congregation at the church were closing their services with,

'Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below.'

The Way to Prison.

As the heavy prison bolts turned on the minister, he looked sadly on the prisoners in their strange garments, and thought with more and more anxiety of his errand. He had come to see a young man of his congregation who had been convicted of forgery. The heart-broken parents had begged him to visit the prison, hoping the peace of the gospel might reach him even in his gloomy cell.

As the minister kindly greeted him, the youth scarcely replied, but gazed with a sort of defiance. He began giving the mother's tender message, with all the interest the church felt in his welfare. At last the prisoner broke out:

'Do you know what it was that did it?' 'What have I done?' replied the pastor, striving to understand his language.

'I began the business in your Sunday-school. Don't you remember the Sunday-school fair, when they first set up the raffling, and hid a gold ring in a loaf of cake? Just for twenty-five cents, too, I got a whole box of little books. I was pleased with my luck, and I went in afterward for chances. Sometimes I lost, sometimes I gained. Money I must have for lotteries. I was half mad with excitement; so I used other folks' names and here I am. Don't let the church come blubbing around me. They may thank themselves. Their raffling was what did it. It ruined me.'—'American Paper.'

'Not Heavy==Not Shortened.'

Not 'heavy' is the Ear

Thy prayers are seeking.
Why shouldst thou, seized with fear,
Forbear thy speaking?
As mothers' ears are keen,
Awake or sleeping—
So God, alert, unseen,
Safe watch is keeping.

Not 'shortened' is the Arm

To thee extended;
Then bid thy false alarm
Be quickly ended.
That stretched-out Arm is strong,
Almighty ever;
That stretched-out Arm is long,
And faileth never.

Not shortened is God's Arm,

Nor dull his hearing;
He bends with welcome warm,
And both hands bearing
The blessing thou dost crave
In richest measure.
Receive, till thou shalt have
Abounding treasure.

—Winifred A. Iverson, in 'The Christian.'

Indian Famine Fund.

The following acknowledgments appeared in the 'Weekly Witness,' for March 13. As some of the contributions have come from readers of the 'Messenger,' the list is copied here.

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated—	
Previously acknowledged..	\$46.13
Mrs. Redpath	30.00
A Friend, Rawdon	5.00
M. M.	1.00
Janet Thornhill	2.00
Outrout Union Sunday-school	13.10
Percy and Mary Falconer	1.00
Mrs. George Gilman	5.00
R. Lawson	.50
D. H. Watt	5.00
G. A. Eaton	10.00
John Swetman	1.00
E. Carson	5.00
I. P. B.	5.00
R. Cudmore	2.00
Geo. Baird	5.00
M. E. Kerr	3.00
J. Flanagan	3.00
Mrs. Wm. Thompson	1.00
Green Bush School, Little Current ..	1.56
Sympathizers, Brighton	1.00
S. Chalmers	2.00
Gavin J. Walker	4.00
Mrs. Perrault	1.00
Master J. G. Lyman	2.00
S. E. M.	1.00
Two Friends, Portneuf	1.00
A Friend, Elgin	5.00
Two Friends, Sault au Recollets ..	2.00
Mrs. S.	.50
George Williamson	10.00
Caradoc Zion Baptist Sunday school	
per R. J. Quick, superintendent.	2.25
Agnes Finister	1.00
A. Sutton	2.00
M. H. Middlemiss	5.00
C. E. Sheldon, Williams	5.00
Bowley Leard	1.00
Webster Boulter	1.00
J. P. C.	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Cannon	2.00
Collected at Centenary Methodist	
Church, by Rev. Thomas Harris..	12.65
Mrs. J. P. Stevenson	1.00
D. E. Gurd	5.00
Rev. Canon and Miss Constance An-	
derson	10.00
J. E. Yardley	1.00
Reading Room, Collection Box, Dan-	
ville, Que.	2.00
A Lady Friend, Danville	1.00
Three Richmond Children	1.00
Mrs. G. M. Hanringer	2.00
Calvary Church Primary Class	3.00
Muriel	2.00
D. McCord	4.00
Two Friends, St. Louis	1.00
Hector McDonald	2.00
Mrs. Wm. Green	1.00
Mrs. L. A. Fetterby	1.00
Wm. Orans	5.00
Rev. B. Pierce	2.50
Rev. J. S. Gregg	1.00
Mission Band, advocate, N.S.	2.50
S. S. Thompson	1.00
Total	\$664.69

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujarat.	
Previously acknowledged ..	\$205.45
P. J. C.	1.00
J. M.	1.00
J. R.	3.00
Collected by Pomeroy Union Sunday	
school, Pomeroy, Man.	52.20
Total	\$242.65

The following from the 'Weekly Witness' of March 20.

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated.	
Previously acknowledged ..	\$664.69
Mrs. George Foster	5.00
William Quance	1.00
L. H. Hall	.00
Band of Hope, Massawippi, Que.	6.50
Lucy and Clara, Rockham	1.00
Beulah Union Sunday school, per	
S. P. Bugge, secretary	5.00
P. Mac	5.00
A Constant Reader of the 'Family	
Herald and Weekly Star,' Mel-	
rose Highlands, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. Thomas Leckie	1.00
Mrs. William Pile	2.00
William Carter	2.00
A Friend, Port Hope	1.00
H. T. Junior, Maganotawan	2.00
David Brown	1.00
Mrs. J. Rider	1.00
Hudson Methodist Sunday school,	
per James Park	5.00
G. J. N.	2.00
D. F. McLennan	1.00
John Halliday	1.00
Frank Halliday	1.00
Rupert Halliday	1.00
Jessie Halliday	.25
Ruth Halliday	.25
Mrs. James Halliday	1.50
Alexander Clark	3.00
Mrs. A. A. Allen	1.00
John Garson	2.50
A Reader of the 'Witness,' Sand	
Hill	1.00
A Friend, St. Louis de Gonzague ..	5.00
A Stratfordite	1.00
M. Rous	1.00
A. MacDougall	1.00
South Durham C. E. Society	5.25
Two Little Boys, Routledge	.75

A Friend, Lodi	1.00
Dempsey Baptist Sunday school ..	10.00
Simon Bea	1.00
Northern W.C.T.U.	8.00
Anonymous	2.00
John Macintosh	10.00
Orpha Guillemant	1.00
Union Sunday school, Brighton ..	5.00
Fannie Williams	1.00
N.G.G.	1.00
Mrs. William Anderson	4.00
John M. Hughes	1.00
Lillian Hughes	.50
A Reader, Roslin	1.00
T. V. H.	2.50
Ready Circle of the King's Daugh-	
ters	5.00
Mrs. E. A. Powers	1.00
Atkins Methodist Church—	
John Welton	1.00
S. S. Carrell	1.00
G. G. Stevens	1.00
Miss Mabel Slack	.25
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Kladrick	1.00
G. W. Brown	.25
Mrs. Y. Moore	.50
Mrs. (Rev.) E. W. Crane	1.00
Norton Crane	.50
Charles Crane	.50
Frances Crane	.50
Mary Crane	.50
Mrs. G. W. Beach	1.00
A Sister in Christ	4.00
Mrs. H. R. Knowlton	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. P. P. Slack	1.00
Mrs. John Patterson	1.00
W. C. Dowsley	.50
Mr. and Mrs. J. Steacy	.75
Mrs. J. P. Lamb	.25
Mrs. W. C. Smith	.50
Mrs. Everetts	.75
Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Rappell	1.00
A. W. Kelley	.50
Mrs. Ira Kelly	.25
A. W. Blanchard	1.00
P. F. Collection	5.00
A Constant Reader, Crowland	3.50
E. T. Dawson	2.00
Mattie Stewart	1.00
Maggie, Maud, Nellie and Daisy ..	1.00
One who feels for the starving chil-	
dren, Geneva	1.00
Jean Kibington	1.00
Miss B. Scott	1.00
A Friend, Sherbrooke	2.00
A Friend	1.00
Total	\$930.19

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujarat.	
Previously acknowledged ..	\$242.65
Aracessa Grant	7.25
A Reader of the 'Messenger'	1.00
Collected by Miss N. Fitzgerald ..	30.40
'Hazel'	2.00
Donsfort Union Sunday school	5.10
Frances Phelan	5.00
Opawaka Sunday school	11.00
Mount Carmel Sunday school, Ver-	
nonville	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Wightman	5.00
Livingston Greek Sunday school col-	
lection	5.00
C. H. H.	1.00
Mrs. Foster	2.00
Amy Foster	.05
Edna Foster	.05
Collection at Cockburn on Sun-	
day, March 4	1.16
Total	\$320.66

The following from the 'Weekly Witness' of March 27.

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated—	
Previously acknowledged ..	\$839.19
E. B. M.	1.25
A. Dorsett	1.00
Verna and Eddie McMechan	1.00
Lizzie Towse	.50
Jean Towse	.50
Christena R. McLaughlan	1.00
Wm. Tomblin	1.00
A. H.	3.00
Well Wisher	1.00
Thankoffering	1.00
W. P. Hillhouse	1.00
Mrs. S. Burwash	1.00
J. Wingham	2.00
Sympathy, Montreal	23.00
C. G.	2.00
In His Name, Metz, Ont.	1.00
Sadie Jones	1.00
R. W. W.	1.00
Wm. McGeorge	1.00
Collected by Gerrie Withers	4.40
D. Oughton	5.00
Anonymous, St. Louis de Gonzague.	5.00
Miss J. Cleland	1.50
Lillie Currie	2.00
Mrs. Sims	3.00
Friend	5.00
For the Hungry	10.00
New Glasgow Sunday-school, Mc-	
Nab, Ont.	7.20
Collected among Friends of the Wes-	
ley Methodist Missionary Society..	8.00
For the Sake of the Master	2.00
Mrs. E. Armstrong	1.00
Middleville Division No. 396, Sons of	
Temperance	3.00
A Subscriber, Toronto	2.00
Miss Lizzie Birks	.50
Alderman Turner	2.00
D. Lang	1.00
In His Name	.25
A Sympathizer for the Hungry ..	2.50
G. A. Eaton	10.00
Clegg Presbyterian Sunday-school ..	5.00
Mrs. G. S. Alsebrook	3.00
Mrs. H. A. James	1.00
Wm. Mullin	3.00
Mrs. Montie and her grandson	1.10
Albert McKean	1.00

Helping Hand, Million Classes ..	5.00
Mrs. Matthews	2.00
M. E. Wiggins	2.00
J. E. Lusby	2.00
A Friend	2.00
W. A., jr.	1.00
Friends, St. Philippe	2.50
David Mitchell	2.50
Sydney Wyatt	5.00
Grateful	2.00
B. L.	1.00
Covenanters, Brodie, Ont.	10.00
Thankfulness	7.00
Wm. Farley	2.00
Austin L. Laby	2.00
E. M. C.	5.00
G. A. Chhds	5.00
Hazel, Ruth and Gordon Darling ..	2.00
J. C. S.	.50
Junior C. E. Society of Dumbarton	3.35
Collection from St. Thomas English	
Church Sunday-school, Allenwood.	3.00
Mrs. Wm. Stirling	1.00
A Friend, Providence	5.00
J. B. Musgrove	1.00
W. B. N.	10.00
Total	\$1,061.74

INDIAN FAMINE FUND

Christian Alliance Mission in Gujarat.	
Previously acknowledged ..	\$320.66
Grace and Emma, Hickey	.25
Feed My Sheep	1.00
A Friend	1.00
Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Rust	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Freeman	1.00
Harpeniers	1.95
James Park	.50
Willowdale Methodist Sunday School,	
Red Deer, Alta.	13.50
Mutual Improvement Society, She-	
guandah	5.00
Total	\$346.88

To Non-Abstainers.

We will not give it up. Our feasts it brightens.

Why should we self deny for other men? And they the weak and sin-stained! We despise them.

You cannot move us by your voice or pen.

'Freedom we claim! In vain ye try to harrow

Our hearts with all your tales of sin and woe.

Because some men are weak, shall we be fettered?

Our liberty, we will not let it go.

And are ye Christian men! and will not hearken

To childhood's wailing, or to women's tears?

Will ye despise the cry that, mounting, ringeth

With piteous pleading in the Saviour's ears?

O for a tongue of fire to tell the story Of blighted homes and ruined, sinful lives;

Of little children maimed and starved and tortured;

Of slowly-murdered, silent, suffering wives!

Of mothers whom the 'drink' has turned to demons,

From whom all womanhood has passed away;

Of lads whose bright young eyes its curse has blighted,

Of maidens whom its power has led astray.

O Christian men and women, Christ is pleading

For lives of self-surrender, by his grace,

Will you not leave the sin-polluted pathway,

And help those sin-bound souls to seek his face?

Then shall ye taste the freedom that He giveth

To those who Him as King and Master own;

And prove how blessed is his bondage holy

When He as King shall rule your heart alone.

—S.S. 'Times.'

••• LITTLE FOLKS •••

Eric's Half-Crown.

(The Prize.)

Eric stumped along the nursery passage, and opening the door very wide, exclaimed, 'Look here, all of you, what I have got!' He held up a bright new half-crown.

Dora, Violet, and baby Walter crowded round him. 'Did your godfather give it to you?' 'How much is it?' and 'Me want one

'You need not be so cocky about it, all the same,' said Dora, going back to her dolls. Eric's face got very red and he tried to say something severe, but he had to fall back on his usual speech, 'You are only a girl; you don't care for anything except dolls!'

At that moment, nurse came in. 'Now, my dears, don't quarrel. It is a lovely afternoon, and we must get ready to go out.'

Eric had been sent for to the

his mind to put the half-crown away, and when he was dressed he slipped it into his overcoat pocket.

Dora was the eldest of the nursery party, then came Eric who was six, Violet four, and Walter three. Eric always got on very well with the two little ones, but he and Dora had a good many little squabbles, as they both wanted to take the lead in everything. On this particular afternoon they could not agree at all. They ran races along the country road, but when Eric said he had won, Dora declared that she had, and that Eric was a cheat; so at last nurse had to make her walk by her for the rest of the way. Dora felt very cross. In the depths of her heart she was jealous of Eric's present. She was saving up all her money for a baby doll marked 2s. 6d., that she had seen in the toyshop; at present she had only got one shilling and a penny, and could not help thinking it hard that Eric should have a whole half-crown at once, especially as he did not want any particular thing and kept wondering what he should buy. She watched him running on in front with Violet. They were having a race, and of course Eric had to give Violet a long start, and he had almost overtaken her, when down she fell in the mud, and before Eric could stop himself, down he fell too—on the top of her. Violet yelled, and nurse ran to pick her up, but it was only Dora who saw the half-crown roll out of Eric's pocket into the deep rut.

While nurse picked up the two children and tried to brush the mud off them, Dora picked up the half-crown and put it in her own pocket. 'I will just keep it a little while to tease him,' she thought; 'and then when he has looked everywhere and thinks it is lost, I will give it back to him, and he will be so surprised.'

She wondered where to put it for safety; her pocket would not do, as she wanted to be able to say she had not got it, so she clutched it tightly in her hand, hoping that Eric would forget about it till they were indoors.

Just as they got into the garden Eric put his hand in his pocket and exclaimed, 'Where is my half-crown?' He felt again, and then tried in all his other pockets.

Dora was walking by the perambulator. Her face got rather red, but no one noticed her—they were all looking at Eric. She popped her hand into the perambulator and dropped the half-crown inside.

'I will tell you what: I am afraid, Master Eric,' said nurse, 'that it dropped out of your pocket when you fell down just now. I remember Miss Violet losing a penny like that once.'



DOWN FELL VIOLET AND ERIC ON THE TOP OF HER.

too!' were the different exclamations.

'Yes, it is from my godfather,' said Eric. 'Now I am richer than any of you!'

'I don't care,' said Dora. 'My godfather sends me ten shillings every birthday, half-a-crown is only half of five shillings.'

'Well, but this is not Christmas or birthday. He sends me a present then as well.'

drawing-room to see his godfather, Colonel Morefield, who sometimes came to spend the day, and never forgot his godson. This time, he said, he had not been able to bring him a toy, so he must get something himself with the half-crown.

'Don't spend it on sweets in the village,' his mother said; 'I am going to drive into the town tomorrow, and you can come with me and choose something nice.'

But still, Eric could not make up

'Oh, can I go back and look for it?' asked Eric.

'Yes,' said nurse. 'Lizzie will take you back to look for it, while we go on home.'

So Eric and the under-nurse went back to look, but of course they found no half-crown.

Eric looked very grave when he and Lizzie got back from their search. He felt in all his pockets again, then he looked doubtfully at Dora. 'You did not take it out of my pocket for fun, did you, Dodo?'

'Of course, I didn't,' said Dora sharply.

'Did you, Violet?' asked Eric.

'Oh, no!' said Violet, opening her blue eyes very wide.

Eric went and stood by the window, but he could not see the garden or the trees, for his eyes were full of tears, and there was a lump in his throat which was very uncomfortable. He tried hard to keep the tears back, because mother always told him that it was very unmanly to cry. He was very quiet all tea-time, and would hardly eat anything. Nurse tried to cheer him up by telling him he could sit up half an hour later and have the musical box.

Dora felt quite as unhappy as Eric did. She wished with all her heart that she had given him back his money at once, as she had not been able to get it out of the perambulator, because nurse had sent her upstairs first with Violet.

As soon as tea was over, the children were made ready to go downstairs to mother. Dora was ready first. She hurried downstairs, but instead of going straight to the drawing-room, went round to the back hall, where the perambulator was kept. She tore off the covering, and looked anxiously for the half-crown. It was not there! She took the cushions out—it was not underneath. She took the little fur mat out of the bottom and shook it, but there was no half-crown. Then a dreadful feeling came over Dora. 'Oh, if only I had given it back at once!' was what she kept thinking over and over again.

At last she went slowly into the drawing-room, where her mother was sitting near the window, working. 'Well, my Dora!' she said with her sweet smile, 'come and tell me where you went this afternoon.'

Dora tried to talk to her mother as usual, but she felt hard and miserable; the words seemed to stick in her throat, and there was a little voice inside her that kept whispering, 'Why don't you tell what you have done?' She was glad when the others came in, and they began their usual game.

But mother noticed Eric's sad face directly, and had to be told all about the lost half-crown. She

comforted him as well as she could, and promised that he should drive to town with her all the same, and have some other treat.

Dora slept by herself in a little room that led out of the night nursery. She generally went to sleep very soon, so her mother was surprised to find her awake, when she went round the last thing at night to look at them all.

'Why, Dora, have you been awake all the evening?'

Dora nodded.

'Don't you feel well, dear?' asked her mother, bending down and stroking her hot cheek.

'Yes, I feel quite well, but——' Dora buried her head in the pillow and a big sob burst from her.

'What is it, my darling?' asked mother very gently. 'Don't be afraid to tell me.'

'It is all my fault that Eric's half-crown is lost! Oh, mother, I will never be so horrid again!' And

Nurse was very angry, but Eric did not say much. He looked very surprised, and for a minute very angry; but when he saw Dora with her miserable face and tearful eyes, offering him the butterflies, the angry look went away.

'No, no, Dodo!' he said quickly; 'I don't want your butterflies a bit, and, of course, you did not mean to lose it really; let us go and have another look in the perambulator.'

But the other 'look' was not any more successful than the first had been, and though Eric tried to hide his disappointment, Dora felt that she was being severely punished for her fault.

One morning about a week afterwards, mother came up into the nursery, holding something in her hand, and said, 'Look, children! What do you think this is?'

'Oh, I do believe it's mine! My own half-crown!' cried Eric, rushing up, and mother handed it to him.



DORA LOOKING FOR THE LOST HALF-CROWN.

then, amidst sobs and tears, Dora told her mother all about it.

Mother did not scold; she saw that Dora was very sorry for having been jealous and disagreeable. But she spoke to her very gravely, and said how much it grieved her when the children were unkind to each other, and how wrong it was not to say at once what she had done.

Dora promised in a trembling voice that she would try never to do such a thing again, and at last she fell asleep taking hold of her mother's hand.

The next morning in the nursery, poor Dora, with a very red face, told Eric before all the others how she had lost the half-crown, and offered him—to make-up for it—the case of butterflies that Uncle Willie had once given her, and for which Eric had always longed.

with a smile. 'It must be yours,' she said, 'because William found it under some leaves on the path near the side door. I expect that it dropped when nurse took the mat out of the perambulator, and she did not hear it fall on the soft leaves.'

It would have been difficult to decide which looked the happiest—Dora or Eric.

'I am glad to hear from nurse that you and Eric have not quarrelled for such a long time, Dora dear,' said her mother, a few months afterwards; 'and I hope I shall never hear of you doing so again.'

'Oh, mother!' whispered Dora, 'if ever I feel cross with him, or if ever I am afraid to say when I have done anything naughty, I think of the lost half-crown, and it makes me try to do right.'



LESSON VI.—MAY 6.

Jesus Warning and Inviting.

Matt. xl., 20-30. Memory verses 28-30.
Read Isaiah xxiii.,

Daily Readings.

M. Much Given. Lk. 12: 42-48.
T. Other Love. Jn. 12: 36-48.
W. Judgment. Jn. 3: 11-21.
T. His Glory. 1 Cor. 1: 18-31.
F. Your Labor. Isa. 55: 1-13.
S. Fear Not. Lk. 12: 22-33.

Golden Text.

'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'—Matt. xl., 28.

Lesson Text.

(20.) Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not: (21) Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. (22.) But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you. (23.) And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. (24.) But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee. (25.) At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. (26.) Even so, Father; for so it seemed good in thy sight. (27.) All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him. (28.) Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. (29.) Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. (30.) For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

Suggestions.

The majority of those who heard the loving messages of Jesus and saw his wonderful works probably believed on him; that is, they believed in his existence, they believed that he was a messenger from God, in many cases they believed that he was the Messiah, but he was not the kind of Messiah that they wanted, and so their belief did not bring forth good fruits. They would not repent. They would rather have had a king who would lead them triumphantly to war, than a king who would heal their diseases and give peace to their souls. They would rather that the Messiah should remove from them the yoke of bondage to the Roman empire, than have him free them from sin. They believed, they could not but believe, but they would not repent. Faith without works,—the works of obedience and love—is dead. (Isa. II., 14-20.)

They repented not. John the Baptist had come denouncing, and warning them to repent and flee from the wrath to come. They had not repented. Jesus Christ had come with gracious invitations, with loving inducements to turn them from their evil ways. They would not repent. Now the Lord Jesus himself pronounces the doom of those cities which had listened to, and watched with hardened heart all his loving dealing with the multitudes. He upbraided (rebuked) Chorazin and Bethsaida (both cities near the north end of the Sea of Galilee.) These cities with all their boasted superiority and enlightenment had not repented, being cased in the hard glittering shell of their own self-righteousness. But if Tyre and Sidon, the neighboring heathen cities of Phoenicia on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, had been privileged to see the same mighty works and hear the

same gracious teaching, they would have repented long before in sackcloth and ashes, typifying the utmost dejection and sorrow. Even Sodom, a city whose very name was a synonym for the most degrading villainess, would have repented and been saved if it had had the chances of salvation which were offered to the proud and self-satisfied city of Capernaum. The Jews as God's chosen people were offered the first and best chances—and they repented not.

It is not the wise and prudent of this earth who best understand the heart of God. He can only reveal himself to the humble child-like heart which will accept his words without contraversion.

If our love were but more simple,
We would take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

God has given all knowledge and wisdom and power to his Son Jesus Christ who is perfect man as well as God. We can only know the Father by learning of the Son (John xiv., 6, 7,) and the Son can only reveal himself to those who choose to obey him and to listen with simple teachable hearts, (John vii., 17: 1 Cor. I., 17-31.) God loves us, and we can rest assured that whatever he does is right and good, no matter how little we understand. And the more we trust him the more we will understand. Coming to Jesus seems to many an impossibility. The phrase has become time worn, it means a great deal to those who have come with their burdens and found relief, it means next to nothing to those who have not realized their need of relief, or to those who wearily plod along without a hope of relief from their heavy loads. What is it to come to Jesus? Is it not a definite choosing to obey God whatever it may cost, and a seeking to know his will and do it? Must we not in that very seeking, come to Jesus, and through him find God? A seeking soul finds a seeking Saviour. Coming to Jesus is a personal, definite act of faith, it is the surrendering of our will to God. It is the determination to live a righteous life by the help of God. To come to Christ we must turn from following sin. Conversion means a turning away from the old life to the new, renouncing sin and turning one's back upon it.

Coming to Christ is the first step in the Christian life, but it is not the final step. The second step is to take from him the forgiveness of sin, but even that does not constitute a Christian life. Many a young Christian has failed just here, from lack of thorough teaching or from lack of determination to please God in all things. We are anxious that Christ should give us rest from our burdens of sin and sorrow, but we are not so anxious that he should lay upon us his yoke. The Christian life is not only the life of a forgiven debtor, it goes farther, it is the life of a loving child in fellowship with an all wise Father. We can only have rest and peace by having the author of rest and peace in our hearts. The penitent's prayer for forgiveness should be closely followed by a prayer for the indwelling presence of the abiding Saviour. Jesus saves—not only at the beginning of the Christian life, not only at the end of the Christian life, but all through the Christian life, Jesus saves continually, Jesus saves now.

Woe unto those who will not come unto Christ—they seal their own doom. No man is doomed for his inability to believe, but man dooms himself by his unwillingness to repent. Nothing can separate you from God, but your own will, if you will yield that to Christ, he will draw you to himself and so reveal God to you that you cannot doubt or be afraid.

Lesson Hymn.

'Come unto Me!'—It is the Saviour's voice—
The Lord of life, who bids thy heart rejoice;
O weary heart, with heavy cares opprest,
'Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest.'

Weary with life's long struggle, full of pain,
O doubting soul, thy Saviour calls again;
Thy doubts shall vanish and thy sorrows cease;
'Come unto Me,' and I will give thee peace.

O dying man, with guilt and sin dismayed,
With conscience awakened, of Thy God afraid;

'Twixt hopes and fears—oh, end the anxious strife!—
'Come unto Me,' and I will give thee life.

Life, rest, and peace, the flowers of deathless bloom.

The Saviour gives us,—not beyond the tomb;
But here and now, on earth some glimpse is given

Of joys that wait us through the gates of Heaven.

—Nathaniel Norton.

Junior C. E. Topic.

LESSONS FROM THE GRAIN.

Mon., April 30.—Growth. 2 Peter 3: 18.
Tues., May 1.—Promise. Gen. 8: 22.
Wed., May 2.—Fulfilling expectation. James 5: 7.
Thu., May 3.—Fruitage. Mark 4: 20.
Fri., May 4.—Illustrates opportunity. Joel 3: 13.
Sat., May 5.—Usefulness. Isa. 55: 10.
Sun., May 6.—Topic—Lessons from growing grain. Mark 4: 26-29.

C. E. Topic.

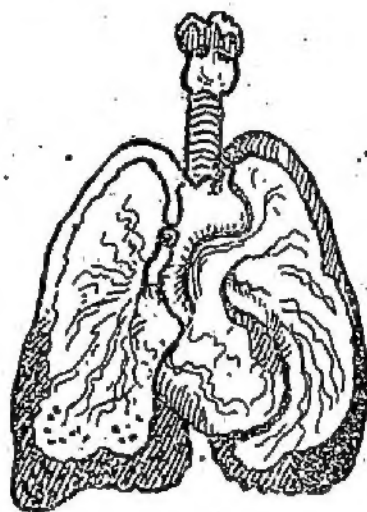
April. 29.—What is God's due? Luke 20: 19-26.



Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)
CHAPTER XI.—EFFECT OF ALCOHOL ON THE HEART AND LUNGS.

1. Q.—What is the heart?
A.—It is a strong, muscular organ, that pumps the blood through all parts of the body.
2. Q.—Is the heart hollow?
A.—Nearly, except for the blood it holds.
3. Q.—How is it divided?
A.—Into four compartments, two on each side. The two sides are distinct from each other.
4. Q.—What does the left side do?
A.—It pumps the red, pure blood into the arteries and sends it through the body to put new life into it.
5. Q.—What does the right side of the heart do?
A.—It receives the dark blood (which has been sent through the body) from the veins and sends it to the lungs to be purified by contact with the air.
6. Q.—Does the blood ever flow through the heart the wrong way?
A.—No; because there are valves which open and close, like little doors, every time the heart expands or contracts. These keep the blood from rushing back when it ought to go forward.
7. Q.—How does the use of alcohol affect the heart?
A.—It makes the heart work too fast at first; throwing the blood through the system almost like lightning.
8. Q.—What is the next effect?
A.—The heart gets all tired out, and beats too slowly.



THE HEART AND LUNGS.

This shows the heart and lungs as they are situated in the body, the tube at the top of cut being the windpipe, through which we breathe air into the lungs.

(To be Continued.)

'He Put it into my Hand.'

(Light in the Heaven.)

I am so glad to hear you have become a teetotaler, James,' I remarked to a man whose drunken habits had long been the talk of the neighborhood. I had been absent from home, and it was the first time I had seen him since receiving the welcome tidings that he had been induced by Christian friends to take the temperance pledge.

'Be you, miss?' the man answered moodily, and with the expression upon his face which I could not understand at all, until his wife explained it by exclaiming—

'But haven't you heard as he's broke the pledge?'

'No, indeed!' I replied. 'I hope that is not true; if so, I am very sorry, and so will Mr. V— be'—mentioning the minister who had induced him to sign.

'Oh, he do know it already,' again spoke the wife; but though I turned to James with a question on my lips, he made no answer, but smoked on sullenly, whilst his companion explained that he had been tempted to return to his old habits, and that she greatly regretted it. Alas! poor woman, no doubt she did; she had reason enough, for her home was a wretched one; her life made miserable by his brutality, and by the poverty consequent upon his extravagant and wicked ways.

'How did it happen, James? How came you to break your word after keeping it more than a month?'

'I did not know what I was at: I drank without thinking about it. He put it into my hand,' was the answer.

'Who put it into your hand?'

'One of the men over there'—indicating his former companions at the ale-house. 'It seems there was a bet, or something of that kind, that I should not keep the pledge long; but I did keep it for some time, longer than they thought. Well, one of them put the cup into my hand whilst we was a-talking, and it came so natural like that I drank it without thinking. I wouldn't have broke else.'

'Then you will try again, will you not? You will not give up what is right because of one failure. Do let me persuade you to try again, and to seek God's blessing to help you to keep it.'

'Not if I know it!' answered the man doggedly. 'I don't intend to take too much any more, but I'm not a-going to bind myself again.'

And nothing I could say made, apparently, the least impression upon him; his mind was made up. He had failed once; he was free now, and would use his liberty, avoiding excess as he thought. That one draught had revived his old craving for stimulants; the longing for drink had returned, and he was enslaved by the passion which the temperance pledge had kept in check.

For a time he was more moderate; but soon I heard, as I had feared I should do, that he was as drunken as ever; and that only a few weeks after I saw him he had returned home so intoxicated and angry that he knocked his wife down upon the floor, and beat her so cruelly that her life was in danger; indeed, he swore that he would kill her, and probably would have done so, had no help been near. And yet the only provocation she had given was to ask him for money to provide food.

'Tis the beer that does it,' she remarked to me, when describing the brutal attack, the marks of which still remained on bruised limbs and wounded mouth and eyes—'tis the beer that does it. When James was sober he was as good and kind a husband as ever wore shoe-leather, but when he gets too much drink he is like a madman. If he don't alter, I believe he will kill me one of these days. Indeed, the doctor says he is killing himself by drinking, and that if he is a-going, he will soon be a dead man. But that don't stop him, though he knows it is true.'

Seldom do I think of that wretched home without recalling the poor man's own words: 'He put it into my hand.' Awful indeed is the thought of that man's responsibility. True, James might have fallen without that particular temptation; but there is an alternative, full of meaning.

I do not hesitate to say that I had rather break stones on the roadside than have been the one to hold that fatal cup to the weak but struggling man, James.

'It was a devilish act,' said one lady, who knew the circumstances of the case. I

started at the words from the lips of a refined and educated woman, but I thought afterwards that she was correct. It was an act such as the devil himself would rejoice in. Perhaps the boon companion rejoiced in his success; rejoiced in the broken vow which, unbroken, had been a reproach to him; rejoiced in the ruin of his fellow-creature. If so, he rejoiced with a devilish joy. The words are not too strong. It is an unutterably awful thing to seek to ensnare a human soul, to stifle a human conscience, or even to embitter a human life. Alas! are there not too many Cains of whom God will one day demand, 'Where is thy brother?'

Correspondence

Bear Island, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live 25 miles above the city of Fredericton, on the Saint John River. I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for four years. I like it very much; it is not for the looks of the paper, but for the very nice stories in it. It pleases me very much to read them. I would not be without such a lovely paper in our home. I secured eleven subscribers for the following year. It affords me much pleasure to work for such a good paper.

PERCY VAN WART. (aged 11.)

Nobleton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the little letters very much. I have four brothers. I am the baby of the family. I am eight years old. Pa was in Manitoba this summer. He likes the country very much.

EVA MAY McC.

Rosser, Man.

Dear Editor,—I live in Rosser, a little village 16 miles west of Winnipeg. I am living on a big farm, with about 15 buildings on it. I have noticed with pleasure your intention of increasing the circulation of the 'Messenger,' and will do all I can for you.

ALBERT E. CORBETT (aged 11.)
(The Editor thanks Albert and other kind friends for their sympathetic words and efforts.)

Arthur.

Dear Editor,—One Friday we had a spelling match, the girls against the boys, and the girls beat; but I was the last one that stayed up on our side, the boys went down as fast as anything. But the boys can beat the girls in arithmetic.

LOYDE P. (aged 10.)

Pearsonville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is the first time I have ever written to you. I am learning the Bible verse for this week.

P. E. L.

Prince, Wm.

Dear Editor,—I have four pets, two cats named Ladysmith and Kimberly, a dog named Lowen, and a pig named Dreyfus. My father is a storekeeper. I am his only boy. My brother died last winter. I have two sisters.

KENNETH R. F. (aged 12.)

Owen Sound.

Dear Editor,—My brother is in the Boy's Brigade, and he gets the 'Messenger' every Sunday. Five men from our town have gone to fight in South Africa. I have four brothers and two sisters. Our town will soon be a city.

RALPH T. (aged 8.)

Dear Editor,—I have four brothers and sisters. I go to school. My teacher's name is Miss Gage. As my name is Rosie E. T. I would like to hear from Rosie H. M. again. I live next door to the church. It is the Methodist. I go to it. I will give you a riddle. Why is a scythe like doing one's duty?

ROSE E. T.

Springhill, N.J.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm two miles from town, one mile from church, and a quarter of a mile from school. I have never attended school yet, but I expect to go next summer. My mamma teaches me at home. I am very fond of horses. We have four, named Doll, Minnie, Jim and Joe. We have thirty hens, two cats, and a dog named Bright. As I have no little brothers or sisters to play with, I make pets of the dog and cats.

JESSIE L. H. (aged 8.)

Lake View.

Dear Editor,—We live about five miles from the old limestone city of Kingston. Papa runs a milk dairy to the city. We have twenty-five cows, and about fifteen young cattle, and about ten pigs. We have eight horses. I go to school every day. I have one brother and a sister.

GEORGE M. M. (aged 11.)

Holden.

Dear Editor,—I am so sorry for that poor little girl whose mother, father and brother died. I like the story of 'Black Rock' very much.

GRACE A. B. (aged 9.)

Dryden, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I love to go to Sunday-school very much. Our week day school teacher's name is Miss Kennedy. She is a lovely teacher. I have five little sisters. One of them is four years older than myself, and she is going to school in Walkerton. My mother keeps the post office in this place.

LOIS S. (aged 10.)

Lake View.

Dear Editor,—We live in a pretty place beside Lake Ontario, about five miles from the city of Kingston. My papa is a farmer. We have a dog, and his name is Rover, and I like him very much. I go to school and like to study very much, and go to Sunday-school in the summer, as our school is not open in the winter. I am a little girl seven years old, and my brothers are nine and eleven years.

GERTRUDE A. M.

Abernethy.

Dear Editor,—I have a cat, and my sister has a dog. Papa has twelve horses five cows and three calves. I have a game of Halma. My grandma sends the 'Messenger' to me, and I like it very much.

R. T. M. (aged 9.)

Barnston, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm. We have seventeen cows, and four horses and four large steers. I have a pet, a dear little sister one year old. Her name is Hazel. I belong to the Band of Hope.

HAROLD G. (aged 9.)

Barnston, P.Q.

Dear Editor,—I have a brother nine years old named Harold, and a sister one year old. Her name is Hazel Marguerite. I go to a district school, one mile distant. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. Our minister's name is Mr. Pergan. I belong to the Band of Hope.

IDA C. (aged 11.)

Point Wolfe, Albert Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old next Monday. I go to school, but it is holidays now. This is the first time I have written. There are three of us going to school. I have five brothers and four sisters. We have a new teacher coming this term. The old teacher was teaching two years.

EMMA H.

Point Wolfe, Albert Co., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and I go to school. We are having a new teacher to teach our school. In summer we go to the shore, and have lots of fun. We had a teacher about seven years.

D. H.

Tiverton.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and three brothers, older than myself. I am in the senior second class, and I like my teacher very much. I have a large wax doll that I keep in the parlor. I call it Rose. I have a cat by the name of Katie. I have three dogs. My pet one I call Spot.

NORMA. (aged 9.)

Leskard.

Dear Editor,—I herewith enclose 30 cents for the renewal of the 'Northern Messenger.' I think it is a very good paper for young folks. I can hardly wait for it, from one week to another. There are four of us taking the 'Messenger' in this village, and all of us like it very much.

WILLIE S.

Knowlesville, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers. My little brother is six years old. He and I go to school. We have a mile and a half to walk. I have a little sister. She is three years old. I like the 'Messenger' very much.

ROYCE H. HILL (aged 8.)

HOUSEHOLD.

Holiday Cookery.

It always seems to me a great pity that children are not allowed to practice cooking, especially considering the constant complaint of the inefficiency of the mothers in this particular branch of domestic work. Great endeavors are being made to include cookery amongst the necessary branches of a girl's education, but home practice is needed to ensure the success of such instruction. What better employment for a wet day than the preparation of a miniature dinner or tea, to which some small friends might be invited.

The cost of material, even if the dish is spoilt, is very little, as such small quantities can be used, and, although a certain amount of supervision is required, children learn much better by doing things themselves than by seeing others do them, though it is sometimes a good plan to make the dish yourself first while they watch. Another objection to the children cooking is that they get in the way in the kitchen, and hinder the real work of the house. But why have them in the kitchen? The nursery or play-room will do equally well for the preparation of the dishes, and they can be carried into the kitchen, when finished, to cook. Of course, I am not ignoring the fact that many things require the fire all the time, but such may well be left until a certain amount of skill has been obtained, and then cook will not be inclined to grumble when she sees how capable and neat the children are in their work. Method is essential, and the ingredients for each dish and the utensils required in its manufacture should be carefully put ready before the cooking commences.

An hour and a-half to two hours is the longest time a child can really give full attention; for after that the interest wanes, and if the lesson be prolonged, serious work will be out of the question, and only 'messing' goes on. As a rule, one dish is quite enough to do, unless two simple ones be chosen. They will, no doubt, mostly consist of such things as appeal to the childish palate, but useful and wholesome articles of diet should be introduced as often as possible, and prepared for mother, or father, who will encourage the young ones by trying their concoctions.

Small dishes and basins can be bought very cheap, and do admirably for the children, and if it is impossible for them to cook in the kitchen, a little oil stove will do all that is wanted. Only simple puddings or cakes should find a place in the programme at first, but it is surprising how soon the little fingers grow capable, and when once the management of the different utensils is mastered, all sorts of wonderful pies, not to speak of bread, etc., can be turned out with great credit to the youthful cook. A plain cake, such as seed, is a good thing to begin with, or a bread-pudding, and as toffee is sure to be asked for, and will make the 'game' popular, it might be made, too, if the cakes are carefully done. Three nice little cakes may be made with the following ingredients, and can be baked in patty-pans or placed in heaps on a greased flat tin:—Put three ounces of flour into a basin, and mix into it a pinch of salt and a quarter of a teaspoonful of baking powder. Now rub into the flour three-quarters of an ounce of fat, and when it has disappeared, add half an ounce of sugar and half a teaspoonful of caraway seeds. Beat up an egg, take a quarter of it, and add a little milk to it, pour it into the flour, etc., and mix all together with a knife until it is a rather thick paste. Place the cake in three little heaps on the tins, and bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven.

For the toffee, put three ounces of fresh butter into a saucepan, and when it has dissolved, stir in a pound of moist sugar, and continue stirring, to prevent it burning. When it boils, add a little lemon-juice or vinegar, and as soon as the color begins to change, try it by dropping a little into cold water. If the mixture becomes crisp as soon as it touches the water, the toffee is done, and should at once be poured on a greased tin or plate.

Little meat pies or meat puddings, fruit pies, turnovers, currant cakes, baking powder bread, scones, sponge cakes, sausage rolls, apple dumplings, suet or Yorkshire puddings, pancakes, milk puddings, toad-in-the-

hole, all these can be well practised in small quantities, but whatever is made, the rule that everything should be cleared away tidily after the cooking is done should be strictly enforced.

A Winsome Home.

The interior, much more than the exterior of a dwelling mirrors more or less clearly the minds of its inmates. The judgment that upon crossing a threshold, we are tempted to form from a few hasty glances, often proves to be correct. Taste, refinement, love of order, peaceableness, cheerfulness, and other traits may be at once suggested, and you may feel that you do not need to be told what sort of people inhabit the place. 'Appearances,' runs the proverb, 'are deceitful'; but the story told by the interior of a home is likely, in general outline at least, to be true. And if the hour you have entered be winsome, the thought will be quite sure to come that its quiet ministry cannot be overestimated. It reacts upon those whose inner life it expresses, so that what they have given forth they receive again with generous interest.

And the friends and neighbors who visit such a home? They, too, even though they may not realize it, are potently affected. The place has a charm for them. They go out for a walk, and almost before they know it, they find themselves at the familiar door. Then, of course, they must ring and go in, though it be only to exchange greetings.

And the guests? Happy are they who are privileged to pass a night or two beneath that hospitable roof! Luxury may be a stranger there; plain living may be compulsory; but if there be plain living, there is also high thinking, and not only that, but warm hearts and loyal souls. The faces of the inmates, the few well-selected pictures, the books on the tables, the arrangement of the furniture, and the food that is served—everything in that home helps in some way to make it more attractive; and when the guest retires for the night, though the room that he occupies be as simple as it well could be, he feels more at peace than he would were he domiciled in a palace, with half a dozen lackeys at command. A home like this cannot be made to order; all the wealth and art in the world could not create it. Before it can exist, you must have well-balanced natures—minds that think, hearts that love, and service without price.—Presbyterian Banner.

For Women Who Wish to be Well.

A lady doctor who is keenly interested in all that promotes the general well-being of her sex gives the following hints:

'The greatest evil in the lives of women,' she writes, 'is the lack of outdoor exercise. A brisk walk every day would work wonders in the case of many a pale and nervous girl.'

'Walking quickens the sluggish blood, brightens the eyes, and gives a clear complexion, as well as improving the general health and vitality.'

'Where possible, a course of gymnastics is invaluable, as it not only strengthens the body, but improves the outlines, and gives additional grace to the movements.'

'A quarter of an hour night and morning is not too long for such exercises. The windows should be open during the exercise, so as to have a free circulation of air, and afterwards it is well to sponge the body in tepid water.'

'Girls who practice these rules are bound to benefit both in good health and good looks, more especially if they adopt a style of garments suited to such active pursuits. The clothing, in fact, should be light, and so designed as to give perfect freedom to every muscle in the body.'—'Sunday Companion.'

Selected Recipes.

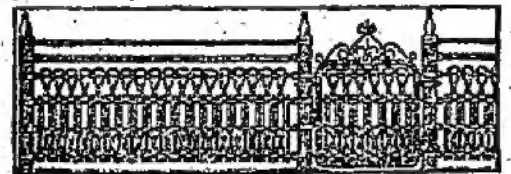
Indian Meal Fruit Pudding.—Mix together one pint of Indian meal and one pint of wheat flour, one teaspoonful of salt; chop fine and free from skin one cup of beef suet. Beat four eggs until very light; add to them one pint of sweet milk; add this to the above mixture; then add one cup of seedless raisins and one cup of currants, well floured, and two large teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Turn the mixture into a well-greased

pudding pan, cover tightly, and place in a saucepan of boiling water; having the water reaching over half-way up on the sides of the pan. Boil constantly for three hours. Serve hot with a sauce.

A Delicious Corn Soup.—Use for every canful of corn one and one-half pints of milk, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, one level teaspoonful of salt, one-sixth of a teaspoonful of pepper, and one tablespoonful of minced onion. Mash the corn as fine as possible, and then put it into the double boiler. Put the milk—except one gill, which you will reserve for blending the flour—with the corn, and cook for quarter of an hour. Cook the onion in the butter for about ten minutes, stirring frequently and taking care that it does not burn, and add it to the corn and milk. Mix the cold milk which you reserved with the flour, and when it is well blended and perfectly smooth stir into the hot mixture. Add the salt and pepper and cook for ten minutes longer, then strain, and serve very hot.—'Woman's Home Companion.'

Potato Balls or Croquettes.—Four large, mealy potatoes, cold; mash them in a pan with two tablespoonfuls of fresh melted butter, a pinch of salt, a little pepper, one tablespoonful of cream, and the beaten yolk of one egg; rub it together for about five minutes, or until very smooth; shape the mixture into balls about the size of a walnut, or small rolls, dip them into an egg well beaten, and then into the finest sifted bread crumbs; fry them in boiling lard.

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